

SONNET V I I I .



GRIEF-URGING Guest! great cause have I to
plain me,

Yet hope persuading hope expecteth
grace, And saith, "None but myself
shall ever pain me !"

But grief, my hopes exceedeth, in
this case. For still my fortune ever
more doth cross me.

By worse events than ever I expected ;
And, here and there, ten thousand ways
doth toss me,

With sad remembrance of my time
neglected. These breed such thoughts
as set my heart on fire,

And like fell hounds, pursue me to
my death. Traitors unto their
sovereign Lord and Sire,

Unkind exactors of their father's
breath. Whom, in their rage, they shall
no sooner kill Than they themselves,,
themselves unjustly spill!

S O N N E T I X .



MY SPOTLESS love, that never yet was
tainted,

My loyal heart, that never can be
moved, My growing hope, that never yet
hath fainted,

My constancy, that you full well have
proved : All these consented have, to
plead for grace*

These all lie crying at the door of
Beauty ! This wails! this sends out
tears ! this cries apace¹

All do reward expect of faith and
duty! Now either thou must prove
th'unkindest one ;

And as thou fairest art, must
cruellest be ! Or else, with pity, yield
unto their moan !

Their moan that ever will
importune thee. Ah, thou must be
unkind, and give denial; And I, poor

I, must stand unto my trial!